

# DAUPHINE

Seventeen  
a nymph if there was ever one  
you were noticed  
and thrust upon the scene  
Rough times  
some hell to get away from  
And a whirlwind  
to do the very thing

Once again  
a trick of the light found  
and burned at the beat  
Those we're in  
will trickle down their songs  
and burn at the beat

Ever the locust  
you tore across the avenues  
and hotels  
with death under your feet  
The sullen  
girls that looked like women  
The gregarious gamines  
leaving pictures on all magazines

Once again  
a trick of the light found  
and burned at the beat  
Those we're in  
will trickle down their songs  
and burn at the beat

All eyes upon you  
and no one could see it  
The exoskeleton is all they see  
so leaving it...

We revel in the poses yeah  
we do the best we can  
The snakes will sing to horses  
and the horses back to man  
And you will know  
and I will know  
to leave the state we're in  
again

Once again  
a trick of the light found  
and burned at the beat  
Those we're in  
will trickle down their songs  
and burn at the beat

The exoskeleton is all they need  
so leaving it  
behind  
who knows what  
you'll find  
this time...